

*The mother on her child gazed long.
The spring was in his heart a song.
But look, his lip of budding rose,
To Kiss of mortal seemed to close :
The mother on her child gazed long.*

*Asleep, yet smiling like "Aurore."
On morning, higher bound to soar ;
In purity clear as the dew,
In beauty of Vermillion hue :
The child lay smiling, like "Aurore."
And the night wind sighs in every branch
And the dying embers, white flames launch.*

*No longer could her heart resist,
The Mother now her Jesus Kissed,
Ice cold, alas, in her embrace,
Of him was left no heav'nly trace :—
No longer could her heart resist.*

*The mother sobbing, fainting fell.
An instant lingered yet the spell,
As angels seemed to come and go,
And saints with halo white to glow :
The mother, sobbing, fainting fell.*

*Of one the mother hears the call.
To her the brightest of them all.
And Mary murmurs as before,
Thy child is healed, healed evermore :—
In Heaven he lives. 'Tis his, the call.*

*O look ! He enters Paradise !
And thou, resplendent too arise !
Thy soul, a sun, sheds rays of love ;
Thus shine the blest in Heaven above :—
Together enter Paradise !*

*And the morning breathes in every branch,
But the embers dead, no white sparks launch.*

Trans, from French by HONORA McDONOUGH.

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